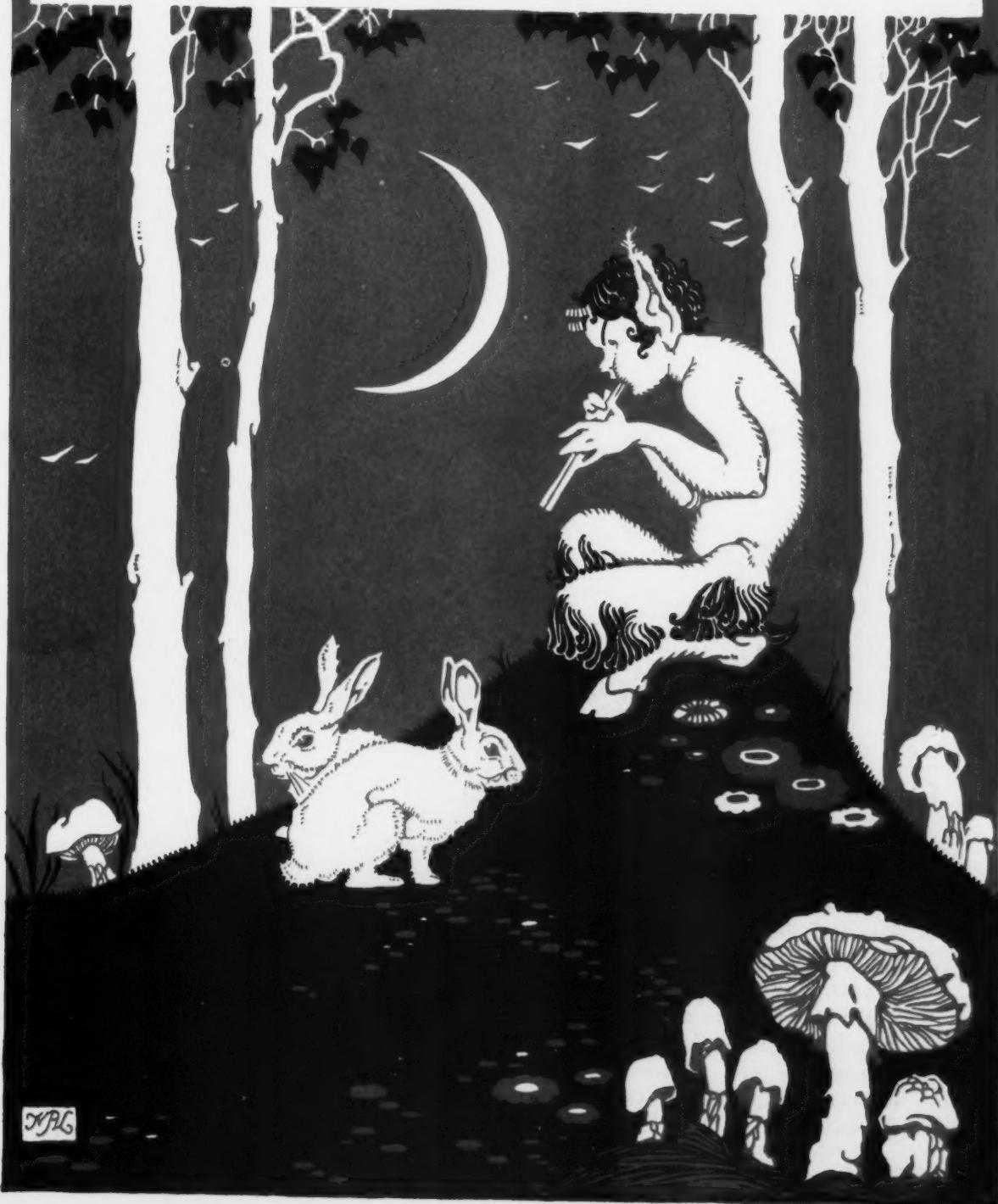


American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
May 1928 **NEWS** "I Serve"





Great White Herons

By Benson B. Moore

COMPARATIVELY few people ever see any Great White Herons. They live in secluded marshes at the southern end of Florida and on some of the Florida Keys, and are very wild and shy. They live on fish and do not walk about looking for food, but stand in stately calm, waiting for their prey to appear, then make a swift dart and swallow it down. They have a majestic walk and fly with unhurried, powerful strokes. When they are disturbed, they never take flight inland, but always wing out over the water.

The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The May News in the School

Material for Subject Classes

SINCE it is rare that a story or article does not have value in more than one subject, the classroom analysis of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, given for teachers each month, is necessarily only suggestive of a few of many uses.

Geography and History:

England—"An Apprentice of Old England" makes medieval guilds seem real. Classes studying drama will find amusement in it, also. *Japan*—"A Proud Inheritance," and "The Boys' Festival of Japan" balance the old with the new in oriental life. *Jugoslavia*—"The Healing of Bratislav" is a poignant tale of a modern answer to old faith; "Tince Goes to Camp" is a picture from today. *Switzerland*—"The Father of the World's Red Cross" and "Letters from Geneva" contain vivid history. *Other Countries*—"On Earth, Peace, Good Will to Men"; "Junior Doings."

Mathematics:

"Tince Goes to Camp" will be useful in "socializing" arithmetic.

Reading:

Reading classes will enjoy Leslie Cameron's story of "The Healing of Bratislav." The story about "Selma Lagerloef of Sweden" reminds us that several years ago the Austrian Junior Red Cross printed translations of two of her stories in an attractive, inexpensive edition, in order that Austrian children might have the joy of reading them.

"Only through the subvention from the National Children's Fund was it possible to issue these booklets," the Austrian Junior Red Cross wrote. "How greatly our booklets are appreciated not only by the teachers but by the large public is shown in many articles in the teachers' press as well as in the daily newspapers. Today books are almost unaffordable luxuries and we must appreciate the more the endeavors of the Junior Red Cross to make our Juniors acquainted with the prominent authors of the world's literature. . . . The poetical legends of Selma Lagerloef always please anew."

There is cause for pride in the material from young contributors. The book review by Barbara Dorrit Leonard, of Madison, Wisconsin, is well written and highly intelligent, showing more evidence than have some of the reviews by adults that the writer went further than the publishers' blurb. In the case of one favorite story, the one of "Elena and the Ciambella," the fondness dates back to acquaintance formed when the story was first found in a Lincoln Reader. As with all true friendship, liking deepened with the later meeting in this collection of Miss Upjohn's stories.

The poems by our "Junior Poets" have that touch of

individuality that gives special charm to the creative work of children. The eagerness with which pupils receive these original contributions to the NEWS indicates that poetry is finding its place beside music and drawing as one of the beautiful things of life that all should be able to enjoy. Teachers interested in opening this particular door of self-expression will enjoy the robust advice on making poems given by Hughes Mearns in the *Scholastic*, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; the monthly poetry clinic for amateurs conducted by Robert Hillyer in the *Writer*, Cambridge, Massachusetts; and such special magazines of verse as *Poetry*, 232 E. Erie Street, Chicago. The articles by Mr. Mearns, addressed to high school pupils, will make their appeal to mature elementary school pupils as well.

A new primer, called the *Singing Farmer*, by Tippett, World Book Company, has seasonal interest for very young readers. It has the mark of child collaboration in the "sentence poems" about the country. The little reading lessons are not really "poems" nor "songs," for the rhythms are purely prose; but they give material for songs and the attitude of alert observation is the poet's attitude.

"On Earth, Peace, Good Will"

World Citizenship:

"THE Father of the World's Red Cross," "Letters from Geneva," "The Boys' Festival in Japan," "And on Earth, Peace, Good Will to Men," "Junior Doings," and the pictures of activities all supply material for World Good Will Day, May 18. If you wonder whether children really feel these ideals as their own, your query may be answered by a letter from the children of a rural school to Mrs. Cross, Junior Red Cross Secretary for the Syracuse Chapter, New York:

"Today is Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, the war was over. The whistles blew. The bells rang. Some people's sons came home, but all did not come because some were killed. On Armistice Day we should thank God that the war is over.

"I don't think they'll have war when we boys and girls get to be men and women, because we are doing so much, and the other schools are helping, make other people happy. I hope we don't have any more war because we are getting friends with the ones across the ocean. The Juniors of Stone Arabia think there will never be another war because the Juniors of America are writing letters to other countries. Then when we grow big we will not go and fight our own friends. They will not like to fight their friends.

"When the war ended many soldiers were dying in hospitals and some had a broken leg and hand or were shot some place never to get well. Some didn't have anybody to send them things, but the Red Cross was the one that helped them. And now so many years since the war there are men in hospitals sick from the war. We are making Thanksgiving place cards for them now. And we are going to make Christmas presents for them.

"Your loving friends,

"STONE ARABIA SCHOOL."

Developing Calendar Activities, May-August

Ending With a Snap

DON'T forget that a summary, a narrative record, or complete minutes of Junior Red Cross meetings and activities for the year will be welcomed heartily at National Headquarters. If you have been following in the TEACHER'S GUIDE the interesting reports of work, generously contributed by supervisors and teachers, perhaps you, too, will be willing to pass the word of your accomplishments along to others. Teachers report that these accounts of actual achievement are most helpful to them.

Electing Officers

MANY schools find it advisable to hold their election of officers for the council in the late spring instead of putting it off until fall. In this way an organization is assured for the next year. If teachers or principals change, the pupils themselves are prepared to start their work, and in any event they are ready to assist in launching a program during the period when you are absorbed in adjusting schedules and beginning the classwork for the year.

The report of the council of the Osgood School, Medford, Massachusetts, was distributed at the February meeting, in Boston, of the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association. Following the introduction the booklet gives "The Compact of the Welfare Council":

"We, the members of the Welfare Council of the Osgood School, feel the need of an association and agreement which will aid us in working together for the common good of all and the welfare of the school which we represent.

"For these reasons we agree to conform to the following rules and regulations which we are making today, September 18, 1925:

"1. There shall be three officers, President, Secretary, and Treasurer. These officers shall be elected in September and February each year.

"2. There shall be two members from each classroom to represent their class in the Welfare Council. These members shall be changed once in two months. They shall be changed in rotation, so that there will always be an old member and a new one attending the meeting. These members shall be elected by the class with the approval of the teacher.

"3. There shall be a meeting every week. The time of meeting may be subject to change to suit the demands of the Council.

"4. There shall be one or two teachers present as advisers of the Council.

"5. There shall be a report sent quarterly to the Local Chapter of the Red Cross to which the Junior Red Cross of our school belongs."

Benefits Derived from Such a Council

- "1. Interest in community life.
- "2. Self-reliance.
- "3. Worthy home membership.
- "4. Friendliness with children in other parts of the world.
- "5. Loyalty to the school.
- "6. Thoughtfulness in regard to school property.
- "7. Correlation of these activities with actual fundamentals of education."

This "Compact" is followed by detailed, well-written reports of services for the year, beginning with the secretary's report for the whole school and continuing with the reports of each grade.

Vacation Opportunities for Service

DURING the summer, many city chapters will be called on to furnish activities and supply outlets for the work done in summer playgrounds or handicraft classes of summer schools. The report for last July from the Boston Metropolitan Chapter is suggestionful:

"Junior work for July has been in the summer playgrounds, and the following material—600 cut-out rag dolls, to be stuffed and dressed, and 18 boxes containing bits of yarn, procured through an appeal in the paper, to be made into afghan squares—were sent to the Playground Supervisor for distribution.

"In reply to a request from the Chelsea Playground Supervisor we sent 60 cut-out rag dolls, paper for about 80 scrapbooks and yarn for afghan squares.

"This year, we not only supplied the Boston and Chelsea playgrounds with material for summer work, but we also, in response to a letter sent out, received a request for material from the teachers in charge of the Dearborn, Eliot and Theodore Lyman summer vacation schools. We very gladly sent the same kind of material we sent the playgrounds, only not in such large quantities, and included in the shipment little flannel nightgowns to be stitched and towels to be hemmed.

"Some finished garments made in the Boston schools were made into layettes and sent to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Also some very fine scrapbooks were made by the children.

"During the month of August the Junior Department received from the Boston and Chelsea playgrounds and the summer vacation schools the following finished articles: 472 rag dolls, 645 scrapbooks, 367 afghan squares. Many unfinished articles, including dolls, scrapbooks and afghan squares, have not as yet been returned. We not only received the above articles, but also received many puzzles, paper doll sets, post card views and greeting cards.

"Gifts such as celluloid dolls and rag dolls, nicely dressed, puzzles, games, small wooden animals and scrapbooks were furnished to the Prendergast Preventorium annual birthday party for the little ones under their care."

"We Look to You With Confidence"

CONSTANTLY National Headquarters is made aware that the inspiring work accomplished in Junior Red Cross is due both to the volunteer leaders outside the schools and especially to the teachers in the classroom. At the end of this year, we extend to you our warm appreciation for what has been accomplished under your leadership. At the Brussels Conference of Educators, convened by the Junior Red Cross last July, Dr. René Sand said:

"The hope which we fix on youth might sometimes waiver if we did not know that you, the members of the teaching body, have them in charge. In a large measure you hold the future in your hands. This is why we look to you with such confidence and such enthusiasm.

"Is it not one of the finest characteristics of the Red Cross, this unanimous good will that enters into the ideals and sentiments of all? It seems commonplace to speak of the neutrality of the Red Cross, for these two words are so closely bound up in each other as to be practically synonymous, but it may be well to examine this conception of Red Cross neutrality in order to discover what constitutes its special significance. It is not in fact a negative neutrality. In its very essence there resides that unique element on which so much depends, which makes a man an individual. In the full sense of the word, it means respect for the ideals of others, for their sentiments, their beliefs, their traditions.

"The Red Cross and the Junior Red Cross are not a religion, although they require a real faith; they do not constitute a system of ethics, although they strive for ethical action; they are identified with no theory of education, although they exert an educational influence.

"They wish simply to furnish a common ground on which, without conceding their customs or renouncing either their ideals or their beliefs, all men, all women, and all children of good will can meet."

The Junior Red Cross in Smaller Schools

MANY communities plan to hold their spring council meetings in May, sometimes in connection with World Good Will Day. For these and for the schools that hope to organize a county council next year, the following report is quoted. The most encouraging development in this experience is that this was a council of the rural schools and that the delegates from these schools "ran the show," while the town Juniors cooperated in a splendid manner to make it all a rare success. This story of it, which makes us feel almost as though we had had the privilege of being there, was sent by Martha Stowers, Executive Secretary for Winchester and Frederick County.

Perhaps it should be explained that these reports given in the GUIDE are frequently more intimate than could be the case in activity reports used in the NEWS. It is taken for granted that teachers will wish to know not only the success, but the obstacles overcome in reaching it, and that, understanding through their own frequently similar experience, they will do whatever deleting is advisable, in passing the story on to their pupils.

Just Recovering

"Well, our County Council is a thing of the past, and a wonderful success it was!" Miss Stowers wrote. "In fact, it was such an agreeable surprise that I am just beginning to recover from it.

"For weeks our corps of Junior workers had been visiting schools and writing letters and talking about the Council. Since January we have visited and made talks in sixty-three schools. This sounds like a big order, but with five districts averaging thirteen schools each and a chairman at the head of each district it is not so difficult after all.

"In talking to the children about the Council we urged every Junior Red Cross member in each school to be present, and we also told them that we expected the officers from each organization. These were to take the lead, one of whom was to be selected to give the report. The secretary called the roll by schools and in response the representative from that school came to the front, reporting the number present from his school and then read a brief report of Red Cross activities they had participated in during the year. If you know anything about rural children and their shyness, you will know something of our concern; but representatives from one-room schools in the most remote districts rose and came to the front and read their reports with as much self-possession as experienced grown-ups. Not only did they conduct themselves creditably but their reports were good.

"I did not mention the fact that our presiding officer was a fifteen-year-old boy and the secretary a girl about the same age, both of whom attended the National Convention and who did this as the result of the inspiration gotten at that conference. Our Council officers hereafter will be selected from our delegates to the National Convention. The fact that they were seated on a stage and faced an audience of about five hundred did not embarrass them to any great extent. I want to say, before I forget it, that our colored schools were represented and gave their reports in the same manner as did the white schools. In order to make it easy for the children from distant parts of the county to attend, we invited their parents to come with them. About one hundred attended, and I am convinced that we have one hundred more senior members now than we had before the meeting.

"The theatre was strikingly decorated with Red Cross flags and also had the national flags of all the nations having Junior Red Cross organizations. The children have been making a study of the flags and had made these themselves and a more gorgeous collection you never saw.

"In the lobby of the theatre was a sample of Junior work from every school. We had a foreign correspondence table, a corner for disabled veterans, one for unfortunate children, and

one miscellaneous. The miscellaneous consisted of bird houses, ventilators, mail boxes, Red Cross kits; in the children's corner we had quilts, blankets, bedspreads, children's clothes, scrapbooks, toys; for the soldiers we had checker boards, joke books, bean bags, book ends, painted vases, and for the foreign correspondence there were several exchange exhibits.

"I hope I have not bored you with details, but we were quite thrilled over it and, without an exception, it was one of the finest meetings I have ever attended in Winchester. This was strictly rural, the city schools did not participate except as guests.

"The Juniors of the city schools mimeographed all of our programs and did numbers of other helpful things for the county children."

What the Community Thought

From the newspaper report—

"Don't tell me children can lead a meeting!" a county man exclaimed the other day. "Why, it's more than most grown folks know how to do." A surprising answer to this statement might have been noted at the Junior Red Cross Council in the Empire Theatre a few days ago.

"In the center of the stage sat a serious young man of about 15 years. By his side sat his youthful secretary, taking down the minutes of a large meeting.

"The Empire was packed with patrons and children from the county, as well as some Winchester friends. Seated in their allotted divisions were representatives from nearly every county school, all ready and eager to give their reports when the young chairman called on them.

"After the invocation, these reports were given. The secretary called one school after another, and a young spokesman from each in turn walked calmly down in front of the audience and gave his report in clear, ringing tones. These reports covered such work as health campaigns, service to the poor or sick and friendships created by the exchange of work with children in foreign countries.

"It was clear that this Junior Red Cross Chapter has been far from idle. Indeed, the healthy, rosy faces, and good posture of the children clearly showed the effects of the health part of their work. All the reports, including those from several colored schools, were most gratifying.

"And so the county man made a mistake when he said that young people cannot lead a meeting. The Junior Red Cross of Frederick County has proved that it can hold as successful a meeting as any society of grown-ups in the state."

A First Aid Kit for Vacation

THIS clever First Aid Kit came to us last July from Mrs. Lelia D. Wiggins of the Social Science-Americanization Department of the High School, Camden, New Jersey:

The Box: 6 planks of Recreation; an inlay of Sabbath Observance; a veneer of Common Courtesy. Guaranteed against rust only if in constant use.

The Contents: the oz. of Prevention—to avoid the lb. of Cure; 7 drops of the Essence of Play; rolls of smiles of various widths; 1 triangle for body, spirit, mind; 1 Wound Dressing—a poor memory; 1 pkg. of Soft answers—to turn away wrath; 1 stimulant—a mixture of Sleep and Clever Jokes; 1 grain of Faith—though it be small as the mustard seed; 2 or 3 pkgs. of Good Will as antidotes for disappointments; 1 small roll of Adhesive Tape—to hold resolutions intact for 7 days; 1 compress of wisdom—for the sake of moderation; 1 bottle of New Thoughts with a stopper of Caution; 1 repellent—Righteous Indignation; 1 flask of Spirits of Campfire; 2 tubes of Balm—Generosity and Sympathy; 1 lotion—the Milk of Human Kindness; 1 tonic—the Merry Heart that doeth good like a medicine.

Let us say "Bon Voyage" whether you cross the bounding main or take to the air or use only a flight of imagination for your vacation!

The Junior Red Cross in Summer Schools

AS USUAL, the work of the Junior Red Cross will be presented at the summer session of a large number of universities and normal colleges. The presentation of the work will cover two to three days in each school, with general addresses in assembly and special talks in the various methods classes. In each case there will be an exhibit of excellent "school work for service" made by children in the United States and in foreign countries.

It is possible that some of you who have not yet determined on your summer school will prefer to choose one in which such a presentation of the Junior Red Cross program will be given. In this event your cooperation is invited. Take with you any interesting personal material and be prepared to give concrete local examples of the value of Junior Red Cross activities, to supplement the speaker's general presentation of the subject. This will make the discussion of Junior Red Cross in the different methods classes very much more vital.

The list of schools for the Eastern Area follows:

ALABAMA: State Normal, Montgomery; State Normal, Florence; State Normal, Troy; State Normal, Daphne; Tuskegee Normal and Industrial, Tuskegee Institute.

FLORIDA: University of Florida, Gainesville.

GEORGIA: Georgia Normal School, Statesboro; University of Georgia, Athens; Georgia Normal and Agricultural, Albany.

INDIANA: Ball Teachers College, Muncie; State Normal, Terre Haute.

LOUISIANA: Louisiana Polytechnic Institute, Ruston; Southwestern Louisiana Institute, Lafayette; State Normal College, Natchitoches; State University, Baton Rouge.

MARYLAND: State Normal, Towson; State Normal, Frostburg; University of Maryland, College Park.

MAINE: Aroostook State Normal, Presque Isle; Department of Education, Augusta; State Normal, Farmington; State Normal, Gorham; Washington State Normal, Machias.

MASSACHUSETTS: Department of Education, Hyannis; State Normal, Fitchburg; State Normal, North Adams.

MISSISSIPPI: Alcorn A. & M. College, Alcorn.

NEW HAMPSHIRE: State Normal, Plymouth; University of New Hampshire, Durham.

NORTH CAROLINA: Cullowhee State Normal, Cullowhee; North Carolina College for Women, Greensboro.

NEW YORK: State Normal, New Paltz; State Normal and Training, Oswego.

PENNSYLVANIA: State Teachers College, Slippery Rock; State Teachers College, Shippensburg; State Teachers College, Mansfield; State Teachers College, Indiana; Millersville State Normal, Millersville; State Teachers College, Bloomsburg; State Normal, Clarion; Southwestern State Normal, California.

TENNESSEE: Tennessee Agricultural and Industrial State College, Nashville; State Teachers College, Memphis; Tennessee State Teachers College, Johnson City; George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville; University of Tennessee, Knoxville.

VERMONT: University of Vermont, Burlington.

VIRGINIA: Virginia Normal and Industrial, Petersburg; State Teachers College, Farmville; State Teachers College, Harrisonburg; State Teachers College, East Radford; University of Virginia, Charlottesville.

WEST VIRGINIA: Fairmont State Normal, Fairmont; Shepherd College State Normal, Shepherdstown; Concord State Normal, Athens West.

The Midwestern colleges in which Junior Red Cross will be presented are:

ARKANSAS: State Teachers College, Conway; University of Arkansas, Fayetteville.

COLORADO: University of Colorado, Boulder; Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins; State Teachers College, Greeley; Western State College of Colorado, Gunnison.

ILLINOIS: Eastern Illinois State Teachers College, Charleston; Northern Illinois State Teachers College, DeKalb; Western Illinois State Teachers College, Macomb; Illinois State Normal University, Normal.

IOWA: Iowa State Teachers College, Cedar Falls.

KANSAS: State Teachers College, Emporia; State Teachers College, Hays; Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan; Kansas State Teachers College, Pittsburg.

MICHIGAN: University of Michigan, Ann Arbor; Ferris Institute, Big Rapids; Detroit Teachers College, Detroit; Western State Normal School, Kalamazoo; State Teachers College, Mount Pleasant; Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti.

MINNESOTA: State Teachers College, Bemidji; State Teachers College, Duluth; State Teachers College, Mankato; State Teachers College, Moorhead; State Teachers College, St. Cloud; Western State Teachers College, Winona.

MISSOURI: Southeastern State Teachers College, Cape Girardeau; University of Missouri, Columbia; Lincoln Institute, Jefferson City; Teachers College of Kansas City, Kansas City; Northwestern State Teachers College, Maryville; University of Missouri Summer School, Rolla; Harris Teachers College, St. Louis; St. Louis University, St. Louis; Southwestern Missouri Teachers College, Springfield; Central Missouri Teachers College, Warrensburg.

MONTANA: Eastern Montana Normal School, Billings; State Normal College, Dillon; State Normal School, Miles City; University of Montana, Missoula.

NEBRASKA: State Teachers College, Kearney; University of Nebraska, Lincoln; State Teachers College, Peru; State Teachers College, Chadron.

NEW MEXICO: University of New Mexico, Albuquerque; New Mexico Normal University, East Las Vegas; New Mexico State Teachers College, Silver City.

NORTH DAKOTA: State Normal School, Dickinson; State Normal and Industrial School, Ellendale; University of North Dakota, Grand Forks; State Teachers College, Mayville; State Teachers College, Minot; State Teachers College, Valley City.

OKLAHOMA: Northwestern State Teachers College, Alva; Central State Teachers College, Edmond; University of Oklahoma, Norman.

SOUTH DAKOTA: Northern Normal and Industrial School, Aberdeen; Eastern State Teachers College, Madison; State Normal School, Spearfish; State Normal School, Springfield.

TEXAS: Sul Ross State Teachers College, Alpine; University of Texas, Austin; Baylor College, Belton; Western State Teachers College, Canyon; Branch of University, El Paso; Sam Houston State Teachers College, Huntsville; Stephen F. Austin State Teachers College, Nacogdoches; Northern Industrial College, Prairie View; Southwestern State Teachers College, San Marcos; Baylor College, Waco; Northern State Teachers College, Denton.

WISCONSIN: State Teachers College, La Crosse; University of Wisconsin, Madison; Milwaukee State Normal School, Milwaukee; State Normal School, Oshkosh; State Teachers College, River Falls; Central State Teachers College, Stevens Point; State Normal School, Whitewater.

WYOMING: University of Wyoming, Laramie.

Arrangements have not been completed in the Pacific Coast Branch, but the following institutions have definitely requested lectures on Junior Red Cross:

CALIFORNIA: Humboldt State Teachers College, Arcata; State Teachers College, San Francisco.

NEVADA: University of Nevada, Reno.

WASHINGTON: State Normal School, Cheney; State Normal School, Ellensburg.



Bratislav stirred. Jelena warmed some goat's milk for him over the brazier of charcoal. In a few moments he slept again

The Healing of Bratislav

IT WAS barely light, but Janko and Jelesava Venevitch were ready for their trip. "I am sorry to leave you on the *slava* (feast day) of our village," said Jelesava to nine-year-old Jelena. "But if all goes well we shall be back this afternoon. There will still be time for you to dance the *kolo* and play games. Your father and I know you will take fine care of Bratislav, and all day you must think how much it is going to help us to have the strong oxen of uncle Todor—may God grant him peace!"

Jelena's parents kissed her, then climbed into the crude wagon drawn by a pair of skinny mules. They were going to the next village, where Jelena's uncle had died. The oxen left in his will must be claimed and papers signed, and since a Macedonian woman does none of these things alone, Jelena's father had to go, too, as a matter of course.

How still it was! Bratislav, four years old, but unable to walk because of a fall in babyhood, still slept in his wooden cradle. Far across the fields Jelena could see the road to the village like a white ribbon trailing up and down hills, and she knew the moving shapes on it were people plodding to the church where services would be held at five o'clock and again at nine.

Bratislav stirred. Jelena turned hastily to a brazier of charcoal. She warmed some goat's milk

Leslie G. Cameron
Illustration by Anna Milo Upjohn

for her brother, putting in the herb medicine her mother prepared to ease his pain. In a few moments he slept again, and Jelena went about her tasks. She milked Jura, the cow, fed the chickens, gave Melitsa, the little donkey, her breakfast and watered the strip of garden a-bloom with roses, irises, sun-flowers and sweet basil. She swept the three rooms, ate her breakfast of black bread and Turkish coffee and then sat down to embroider the sleeve of her new homespun dress.

How sad that today of all days her mother must be away! "But, mother," Jelena had protested, "do you forget that Tuesday is the village *slava*, and you and my father were going to carry Bratislav to the cross-procession?"

Her mother had sighed. "No, little sister, I do not forget. But since we must go to get my brother's oxen, we must believe that it is not the will of God that Bratislav be carried to the procession. Have we not taken him to the church many, many times? Has not our good priest said many prayers over him? Have we not dipped him in the river on three different John the Baptist days? And has not our village doctor said that no one nearer than Belgrade can do anything for our baby? And where, my Jelena, can we find money enough to go the long, long way to Belgrade and to pay a great doctor? Poor little lamb,

poor little flower!" In a passion of love Jelena Venevitch had lifted the whimpering Bratslav from the cradle and held him close.

In and out, in and out went Jelena's needle with its long red thread. It was almost time for the first church service. The priests in their embroidered vestments would pray for the continued prosperity of the village, clouds of incense would rise in the chancel and sweep through the kneeling crowd. After the second service would be the wonderful cross-bearer's procession. The sick, the lame, the blind, all the weak ones of the village would be there praying to be healed, and who needed God's help more than her little brother?

She tiptoed to the cradle. He slept. "If only—if only—" Then she stopped, straightened herself and thought. There was Melitsa, the little donkey. By starting immediately they would reach the village church in time for the procession. If only she could ask mother. But there was no time to waste. "*Veliki Bozhe, Otats Nasha* (great God, our Father)," she prayed while she gathered Bratslav's clothes to dress him, "help me, and heal my brother so that he may walk."

What if Melitsa should refuse to have the wooden saddle and red rug strapped on her back? Jelena's father frequently said he must sell the creature, for never before had he owned such a stubborn donkey. But perhaps Melitsa was touched by Jelena's eagerness, for she received the saddle docilely and allowed Jelena to mount with Bratslav carefully wrapped in his mother's shawl.

Melitsa's little feet made slow progress, but if only she would keep on for the seven miles without stopping they would be in time. Finally, far off, Jelena saw the huddled tiled roofs of the village, then the cross on the church. Soon they would reach the church gate from which the procession started.

Melitsa's monotonous plodding stopped so suddenly that Jelena was flung forward in the saddle and then back. But she did not lose her seat or her grasp on her brother. Grinding brakes not ten feet in front of them brought an automobile to an abrupt standstill. Melitsa with her forefeet digging deeply into the dust turned sideways, blocking the narrow path. All the resistance in her nature was pitted against the chugging machine.

Three men jumped from the automobile; a chauffeur, then a Serbian colonel resplendent in gilt braid. The third was unmistakably an American.

"What is here?" asked the Colonel, irritably. Then seeing Jelena's childish face, his own softened. "Where are you going, little girl, and what have you?"

Embarrassment brought tears to Jelena's eyes. "My little brother, *gospodine* (mister) Colonel," she replied. "Since he was eleven months old he has not walked, and he does not grow like other children. I am taking him to the cross-bearer's procession. Oh, please, Mr. Colonel, can't you make Melitsa go? We are almost at the church!"

Colonel Stanovich's eyes crinkled with amusement. In careful English he explained the situation

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to the American, then bade the chauffeur get into action. For nearly half an hour Melitsa was coaxed, kicked, scorned and petted. Not a peg would she stir.

"You'll have to build a fire under her," sighed Jelena resignedly, and with the help of the interested American she lowered herself and Bratslav from the saddle. The chauffeur gathered leaves and bits of stubble. Hardly had the first thin wisp of smoke curled toward her flank when Melitsa gave a derisive hee-haw, yanked the rope bridle from the chauffeur's hand and disappeared down the road toward home.

The laughter of all three men stopped short as Jelena burst into tears. They looked where she pointed. Crossing a field was the church procession. High in air the leader held a wooden cross. Behind him were the village priests whose golden threaded vestments flashed in the sun. Jelena knew the first priest carried a velvet bound copy of the New Testament. Following were the villagers, many of them bearing pictures of the saints brought from their homes. Faintly through the distance came the processional hymn: "The cross-bearers pray to God. Oh, Lord, have mercy upon us!"

From field to field the procession would go until it reached the village boundaries. Here were trees; oak, wild pear or lime which had been marked with a cross and held sacred by the villagers. When the procession reached a sacred tree it would stop and the people would kneel while the priests read prayers for the health and prosperity of the village. Then the mayor would take a knife and cut afresh the sign of the cross in the bark and the procession would move on to the next boundary tree.

Jelena had planned to take Bratslav to one of these cross-cut trees. When the people rose from their knees she had expected to lay Bratslav on the ground in front of the cross-bearer. He would step over her little brother; so would the priests and the Christian villagers carrying their ikons, and the good God, the kind God who loves children, would make the robes of the procession carry away Bratslav's sickness, and perhaps immediately, perhaps gradually, but most assuredly her brother would be able to walk.

The colonel had two little girls of his own, and moreover he had a son, a rosy, jumping, shouting four-year-old. He looked into Bratslav's wizened face and his own grew tender. He and his American friend talked apart for a few moments, then he said, "Jelena, we will take you home in the automobile, and tomorrow with our wise village doctor, we want to come to see your father and mother and little Bratslav. My friend, who is traveling through Macedonia, is a very great doctor from Chicago in America, and it may be—we can not tell—it may be he can help your brother."

So Jelena and Bratslav went home in the big, purring automobile, and a little later, Melitsa, apparently repenting her evil ways, walked meekly into the stable.

The next day came the village doctor, Colonel Stanovich and his guest. They talked and talked.

Jelena, wandering in the garden whither her parents had sent her, heard voices rise and fall, clenched her teeth sharply as Bratslav's suffering wail drifted through the window and prayed that even though he had not reached the cross-bearer's procession, he might be cured.

She never knew exactly what the great doctor did, but a few days later when she came home from an all night visit to a cousin, she found the doctors had been again and gone; that the American doctor had refused money, and had even declined to take one of the beautiful big oxen Uncle Todor had left her

mother; that her father's eyes were red with crying and his hands shaking like locust leaves, and that her mother was the color of cream though her eyes were bright and her hands steady. She kissed Jelena again and again. "God is good to us, my little daughter. For only a few days our village doctor will come to change the bandages, and soon little Bratslav will be able to learn to walk."

She spoke truly, for the next year on the village *slava*, Bratslav walked in the cross-bearer's procession.

The Father of the World's Red Cross

MAY 28th is the one hundredth anniversary of Jean Henri Dunant, the great Genevese who, as everyone knows, started the Red Cross movement. Dunant came of a family noted for its public spirit and was always interested in helping those less fortunate than himself. At eighteen he used to visit the poor and the convicts in their prisons. The work of Florence Nightingale made a great impression on him. All questions of international friendship appealed to him. So when he went to the battle of Solferino in June, 1859, he went not as a war reporter, not as a seeker after excitement, but as a helper.

When, at last, the French and Italians had won their costly victory over the Austrians, 40,000 dead and wounded lay on the blood-drenched field. In the burning heat hundreds of men died terribly for lack of attention. Dunant gathered volunteer helpers from the peasants near the battlefield, and when they wished to aid only the French and Italians, he persuaded them to care for the Austrians, too. "An enemy wounded is an enemy no longer," he said.

That day was born Dunant's great idea—a neutral band of mercy under a flag of humanity caring for the wounded in battle. "Any ordinary man or woman endowed with the love of his neighbor and a little enthusiasm can accomplish great things for humanity," said Henri Dunant, and proved the truth of his saying. First he wrote, "A Souvenir of Solferino," telling about the horrors of the battle and calling upon princes and nations to form an international band of mercy. Almost at once this "cry of a great and noble heart" was translated into all languages of the civilized world. Dunant kept on



Jean Henri Dunant 1828-1910

working for his idea, and in 1863 an international conference at Geneva drew up plans for his society and decided upon "humanity's flag," the Swiss emblem with colors reversed: a red cross on a white ground. In June, 1864, at an official congress with delegates from sixteen countries the Red Cross was really born. By 1868 thirty-three nations belonged. Today every civilized country has its society.

Yet the man who had done this thing was forgotten for years. He had spent half his fortune in carrying out his great idea. When he was past forty the rest was swept away and he came to poverty. He went to London where he earned a meager living as a clerk. Then he retired to the little town of Heiden near

Lake Constance and lived on a tiny pension granted him by his relatives. At the age of sixty-four he went to live in a small room in the District Hospital. Lonely and poor, he eked out his living by writing.

In 1895, after Dunant had been in his little hospital room for three years, the editor of a German paper came to see the neglected man. Then he wrote a fine article about his visit. People waked up to what was happening, the mother of the Russian Czar gave Dunant a pension for life, the International Physicians' Congress gave him a prize of \$1,000, the Swiss Parliament gave him another prize and in 1907 the Nobel prize of \$40,000 for peace work was divided between him and a distinguished Frenchman. So at last recognition came to the aged man who had been too proud to ask anything of a world for which he had done so much. He died at the age of eighty-two, satisfied that the great dream of his life had been realized.

The boarding pupils live at Onex in the country



They drive to the school in town for lessons every day

Portfolios from Geneva

THERE is nothing in the world quite like the school on the shores of beautiful Lake Geneva in Switzerland, where eighty-five children of eighteen different nationalities are studying together. In one respect there is no city in the world quite like Geneva, for there are grouped in it fifty-four international organizations. Men and women have been drawn to Geneva from all corners of the earth. About four years ago some of these people decided to found a school where their children might work and play together as one family. The lessons are in French and English, and the children change easily from one to the other. Each has to study the language of his own country besides, and after they are thirteen the pupils study another modern language and Latin.

The History of the School

We were very glad when some portfolios came from this school on their way to schools in the United States. One of the letters gave this story of its founding:

"Supposing an Englishman, who was in the League of Nations, came to Geneva, how was he to get his children educated? If they went to a Swiss school they would be taught only about Switzerland and Geneva, the names of the streets, where the trains start and where they go, which would not be much good to a child of English, American, French or other nationality. So there was founded the International School which brought the children of different nationalities together, producing an international spirit."

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"When I first came to the school there were eight children in it. It was held in a little chalet with a garden around it. We all had little gardens and worked out of doors in the afternoons. I soon began to love it very much. We modeled a map of Europe out of clay. Then it was made in plaster and we painted it.

"The school was very successful. It grew so rapidly that we had to leave our little chalet and go and live in a large apartment in the town. We are now eighty-five children and eighteen nationalities. There are in my class: 3 Americans, 1 Dutch, 1 Japanese, 3 Genevese and 1 English (myself).

"We cannot send you such a lovely book as you sent us, because we are only five in our English-speaking section. The rest of our class speak French.

"When we were at the chalet there was in the house next to us a M. Moos. He could not bear our noise, so he moved out. When we came to our apartment we found that he was living in the one underneath us! Poor M. Moos! Indeed, we are not loved by any of our neighbors, but don't blame us too much, for eighty-five children cannot go without any noise, though it may not be very soothing for M. Moos!"

"Every afternoon we go by autobus to Onex, which is in the country. There we have sports, natural history and manual work. It is great fun and I would not change my school for any—not even yours!"

Twenty-six of the pupils live in the boarding school at Onex, the twenty-one boys in a lovely chateau built in the 17th century and the five girls in



A lake dweller's stone weapon

a little house prepared specially for them. The children are from eight to sixteen years old. Twelve nationalities are represented: Australia, Canada, Egypt, Germany, Great Britain, Holland, India, Italy, Poland, Russia, Switzerland and the United States. One of the pupils writes this about Onex:

Life at Onex

"I am a Dutch boy born in Constantinople and have been to nine different schools, and I am only thirteen years old, but none of them was as nice and happy as this boarding school.

"We get up at 6:30 and go straight downstairs in our pajamas for some exercises, and then have a nice shower bath. After that we get dressed and have our breakfast and then go to school. Our school is down town and we have to go in a big bus.

"At 12 o'clock the bus comes and takes us back to Onex. There we have our dinner and rest till 2 o'clock. Then the day school pupils come out for sports and other lessons, but at 4 o'clock everybody goes away. Then we are left in peace, but only till 5 o'clock, when we have to do our homework till 7 o'clock. Next we have our supper and at about 8:30 we go to bed. Every other Sunday we go out for a walk or a tramp with the Scouts."

The Lake Dwellers

The children in the International School can study at close range the fascinating dwellings of people who clustered in villages of huts on platforms out in Lake Geneva, as well as in the other lakes of Switzerland. This was long before written records were made, for the lake dwellers were almost all in the Stone Age, when weapons and implements were of bone and stone, though some had learned to make bronze implements and a few used iron. One of the villages in Lake Geneva was on a platform 1200 feet long and 150 feet wide. At Geneva are many of the remains of these ancient people. One of the pupils writes:

"The lake dwellers put piles in the lake and made villages. They had boats of wood. They had axes and utensils of cut stone. They had needles of bone. They made axe-handles of wood. They put a stone axe in a branch of a little tree and left it some years and afterwards cut the branch and used the axe. They had some utensils of wood very hard. They had a saw of cut stone. They lived by hunting and fishing. They made boats and oars too. They had knives of cut stone."



"People lived in villages of huts on platforms out in Lake Geneva"

The Escalade

After history began, Geneva had a story full of fights and changes from one rule to another. For a long time the dukes of Savoy, who had once held the city, were unwilling to give her up. This account of their last attempt to get her back was in one of the portfolios:

"The year 1602 was the time of the Escalade when the Savoyards attacked Geneva. They painted their armor black so as to be invisible, for it was midnight. When they got to Geneva, a party of two hundred went up the walls on ladders that had been placed in an undefended part. The rest of the force, 4,000 strong, waited below until the wall scalers should overcome the watch at the different gates. The two hundred got up all right and lay quiet, waiting for the dawn. But they were discovered by a party of watchmen on their rounds.

Once the Savoyards tried to go through a lady's house. But when she saw them coming she put a great cupboard in the way so they could not pass. It was a marvel that she could have moved the huge cupboard, for afterwards it took four strong men to budge it, but fright gave her strength. Another old dame threw her heavy soup pot at the head of the captain. Some say it broke his skull and some that it landed upside down on his head so that he could not see and everything fell into confusion. By this time everybody was awake. The Genevese fired a cannon and broke the ladders on the wall. The Savoyards inside could not get out and those outside could not come in, so the Genevese won. Now every year when Geneva celebrates Escalade Day, people buy little marmites, or soup pots, made of chocolate in memory of the old dame who overcame the Savoyard captain."



"Every afternoon the day pupils go by bus out to Onex where they have sports, natural history and manual work"

An Apprentice of Old

Regina Zimmerman

Illustrations by Henry Pitz

A PERT ray of June sunshine slipped through the crack of Martin's tightly closed shutters and warmed the end of his freckled nose. He twitched the attacked member impatiently, shook his head vigorously, and then sat up on his narrow pallet with a great stretch and yawn.

"Eh-ho! Another day!"

Yes. And Corpus Christi Day at last! An eager smile brightened his cheerful, homely face. He glanced toward a dark corner, where Simeon of Wallingford, three years his junior and but newly apprenticed to John the Chandler, snored lustily.

"Bespeed thee, lazy one," cried Martin, accompanying his command with a well-aimed boot. "Art not ashamed to waste thy master's time in wanton sleep?"

And with great show of virtue Martin began to struggle into his woolen jacket. But Simeon moved not at all. The day held no special promise for him. With a waggish smile Martin crept near the sleeping figure. "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" he suddenly crowed with great gusto.

Simeon leaped from his hard couch, and in a moment there was a lively scuffle. Stocky Simeon held his own against the taller and more wiry Martin, but they would both have been nursing sore muscles had not the rumble of voices from below made them hastily finish dressing and clatter down the steep stairs. That would be the master getting ready for the day's work and play.

The apprentices must open the shutters of the shop in front of the house. The lower half served as a counter, the upper half protected the goods displayed below. Afterwards they would arrange in careful rows the candles to be sold. The boys had been late yesterday, and though it was against the rules of the Chandler's Guild of York, the mistress had threatened to make them wash the dishes and mind the baby if they were late again. Martin felt he had had enough of that, with six younger ones at home.

Behind the shop was the workroom filled with its moulds and dyes and mounds of wax. Above this were the sleeping and living quarters of the family, and in the garret where the fragrant wax was stored slept the two apprentices. The kitchen and other household rooms were separated from the main building by a tiny, carefully cultivated flower and vegetable garden. It was all very comfortable and substantial, and both the boys were fortunate to be joined to such a prosperous master.

He was John the Chandler, master of the candle makers' guild. Martin had been with him for four years, and in three more expected to become a journeyman and to work by the day. Then, when he had made some beautiful masterpiece to show his

England



As head of the guild, Master John made the great Easter candle for the Cathedral

skill and had enough capital to set up a shop and have apprentices of his own, he, too, could become a master. That would be a great day for the lad. The guild would initiate him with all manner of fantastic ceremonies, and he would provide a feast and have his fellow members guzzle down his health in great tankards of wine and ale.

When Martin had been joined to John the Chandler, his father had signed an agreement dated June 15, Anno Domini 1540, whereby the boy had promised to be obedient and diligent and not to tell any of his master's secrets. In return he was to have board and lodging, and the training necessary to become a master craftsman.

Master John, as head of the guild of chandlers, had to see to the strict enforcement of the guild's rules, and sometimes Martin accompanied him on his daily visits of inspection, and listened fearfully to his scoldings for the artful ones who tried to sell a shoddy article. Often at night they paid unexpected calls, for the guild members were forbidden to work by artificial light. "No man can work as neatly by night as by day," was John's constant saying.

To make this supervision easy, most of the chandlers of the town of York lived in the same neighborhood. Here they all did a thriving business, for candles were used not only in the homes, but in the dim churches, where their gentle flames sent heavenward the prayers of the faithful. When a fellow guild member died, it was the custom, too, for his associ-

ates to purchase a goodly stock, and burn them for the welfare of his soul.

The master of the guild was commissioned to make the Easter candle for the Cathedral, and the one for St. Bartholomew's Day. Great stocky ones were these, four inches thick and five feet tall. Twined around their rich lengths were all varieties of rare devices—passion flowers, nails, thorny branches, a fine long spear, a sturdy cross, great drops of bright red blood. Wistfully the apprentice hoped some day to imitate the artistry of his master, and in odd moments fashioned the bits of left-over colored wax into curious shapes and designs.

Martin reveled in all that was gay and colorful in the bustling yet simple lives of the guild members. Proudly he gazed on Sundays at the fine altar in the church erected to their patron saint, and eagerly looked forward to their patron's feast day. Then each one, dressed in his best livery, marched in the procession to the church for a High Mass. Afterwards there was feasting in the guild hall, the "Drinking" they called it. If any member were sick, he got a gallon of wine, two loaves of bread and a dish from the kitchen. The widows and orphans and the poverty-stricken were remembered also; for the guild had pledged itself to aid the needy and provide for the families of the deceased.

The supreme time of merriment, however, was near the Feast of Corpus Christi, when the miracle plays were performed. John could tell the boys how they had been acted by priests on platforms in the churchyards, until the jostling crowds by trampling on the graves showed disrespect for the dead. He remembered when the guilds had taken charge, each organization playing some Bible incident. Thus the wine merchants portrayed the wedding at Cana, and the fishmongers and carpenters, the building of the Ark.

Martin had seen Master John working carefully over the guild's expense accounts; for though it was an honor and a religious privilege to act in these plays, the actors were paid in proportion to the importance of their parts. Besides, the guilds had to pay for the costumes and stage effects. A collection was usually taken from the audience in the street, but the financial burden was still a heavy one.

It was because Martin was to have a small part and John a big one in their guild's production this Corpus Christi, that the day loomed important in the

life of the senior apprentice. Last year he had done the crowning when Peter had denied the Lord, and had received four pence for his lusty work. This year he was, besides, the official hangman for Judas, and was to get an additional ten pence and be a recognized mummer.

When the sun had risen high, the shop was closed and the household departed for the play. Out in the throng Martin and Simeon watched intently for their master, for Martin would not appear until the latter part of the pageantry.

A great lumbering wagon drew up before the house of a prominent merchant who had paid well for this distinction. The vehicle was divided into three stages. On the second floor the acting took place. Above was the natural setting for Heaven, where the good spirits in shining white robes occupied precarious positions. The lower floor, however, held greater interest. It depicted the mouth of Hell, and had a pair of gaping jaws worked by two industrious guild members. A fire was lighted as a final touch of realism, and from the mouth leaped nimble-witted devils in appropriate black and crimson outfits.

Their ruler, his Satanic Majesty, helped to make the play a merry and entertaining one by his pranks among the audience, and for this important part the guild had selected Master John. Dressed in leather with a wiry tail and well-pointed claws, he proved a crafty funmaker, and the crowd roared with delight each time he outwitted the good spirits. There was almost a sigh when he was finally driven, by no means crestfallen, into the waiting jaws of Hell.

With keen enjoyment the lads watched the antics of their master and the strange portrayals of the



The lower floor had a pair of gaping jaws from which leaped nimble-witted devils in appropriate black and crimson outfits

Bible stories—the indignation of Noah's wife at his long secrecy about the flood; the proud strutting and loud talking of the portly Herod; the presentation by the shepherds of their gifts to the Holy Child, a stopperless water bottle and a hook for pulling down pears and plums.

At last came the story of the Trial of Christ, and Martin scurried within. Previous experience gave him courage and he crowed splendidly; but when it

came to handling the burly Judas he seemed rather timid and there was much laughter.

"Well done. Well done," cried Master John when the last scene had been enacted. "I wot thee, lad, thou wilt be Satan yet."

Toward the Sign of the Tallow Candle master and apprentice strode briskly along, leaving Simeon to dally after. And proud of the ability of his apprentice, the master promised Martin a fine suit of linsey cloth come Whitsuntide.

A Proud Inheritance

Anna Milo Upjohn



"Noburo knelt on a cushion and studied me"

IT WAS a frosty winter morning when I went to see Noburo, his mother and his grandmother. I had been told that if I came quickly I might get a picture of a descendant of one of the Forty-seven Ronin. That, in Japan, was considered a great opportunity. So I hurried, wondering what a Ronin might look like.

At the door I took off my shoes and entered in stocking feet. The floor was spotless and covered with softly padded matting so that one seemed to be walking on a mattress. In the middle of the room was a low round table of polished wood. Pretty cushions were disposed about it on the floor and a blue *hibachi*, or bowl to hold coals, was standing near.

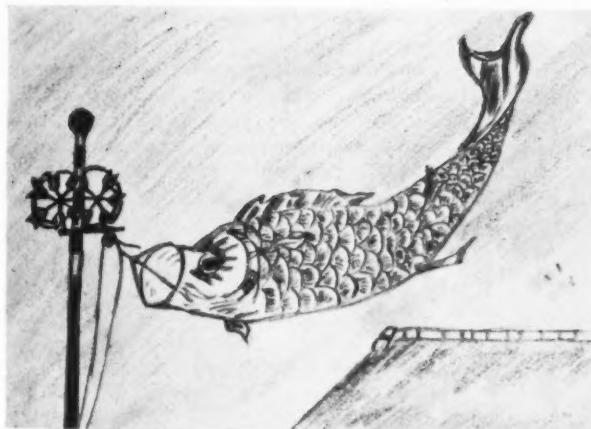
Noburo was trotting about with his New Year's gifts; a small kite in the form of a man, a top, a pencil and pad to make him a scholar and a box of colored candies as small as beads which he ate by

thrusting a wet finger into them and drawing it out thickly encrusted. His outer garment was of mulberry crêpe with large discs of turquoise green. Under it were kimonos in many layers; and no wonder, for one whole side of the room was of bamboo lattice covered with oiled paper! The other walls were screens of matting. In this clean but chilly enclosure which was Noburo's home, the little boy kneeling on one cushion studied me, while I on another, my paper on the table, the *hibachi* at my elbow, studied him; and so the picture came into being.

And now what is a Ronin? There are few Japanese boys or girls who could not tell you the story of the famous Forty-seven. They were the followers of a powerful nobleman who lived in Japan some hundreds of years ago. When he was treacherously killed by a rival his retainers became Ronin, or "wave-men"—that is, men who were without a settled place or occupation.

According to ancient Japanese custom it was fitting for them to end their own lives upon the death of their master. But they determined first to avenge him. Then, having killed the man who had destroyed their lord, they assembled at a place near Tokyo and took their own lives. The spot where they fell is sacred ground to the Japanese and the families descended from the Forty-seven Ronin are held in great respect as patriots. It is hard for us to see how they helped their country by killing themselves, but to the Japanese it was the strongest protest they could make against an evil deed.

Noburo is a direct descendant of one of these Ronin. When he was a wee baby his father's house took fire, and as Japanese houses are light and inflammable there is little that can be done to save one, once it is ablaze. Noburo's mother was alone, but with great presence of mind she seized the sword and neck ornament of the illustrious ancestor, and with them and the baby escaped from the burning house. So the precious heirlooms were saved for Noburo. No doubt he will wear the necklace on great occasions, but let us hope the sword will remain in its scabbard.



A cloth or paper fish on a bamboo pole is in front of every house where there is a boy

FROM his little sister's point of view, her brother is always king of the Japanese household, but on one day in the year more than any other he takes the center of the stage. On May 5th, the day of the Boy's Festival, the alcove of the chief room is specially decorated. On the wall is hung a beautiful scroll, picturing a warrior in full battle array, and before the scroll is a tier of shelves of lovely black lacquer. On the top shelf are a miniature helmet and armor like those worn in the days of old Japan. Around these are grouped miniature bows and arrows and swords and spears. Beside the stand are the real arms worn by the boy's ancestors. Arranged on the shelves, too, are figures of warriors of the old days. These are no common dolls, but have been made with the great skill and care of Japan's wonderful craftsmen. All these things are kept in families for generations and are brought out only for this occasion.

Kintaro, the boy of the mountains, is there, very fat and pink-skinned and muscular, for he stands for manly strength and valor. Also there is Kato Kiyomasa, so often shown in Japanese prints slaying the giant tiger of Korea. And, strange as it may seem, among the warriors is the figure of a woman. This is the Empress Jingu, who dates back to the third century. When there was a revolt in Kyushu, she went with her husband to put down the rebellion and after he was killed in battle she donned armor and led the troops to victory. Later she went with a great fleet and army and conquered Korea. Nothing daunted her and no man excelled her in bravery. Tales of these and other heroes are told on the day of the festival and every boy is impressed with the courage of his ancestors and of the heroes of old Japan.

Another emblem of manliness is the brightly colored fish of cloth or stiff paper that streams out in the wind from a long bamboo pole in front of the home where there is a boy. If there are several boys, each one has his fish, from the big one for the eldest to the little one for the baby. The fish is always the carp, because it swims against a swift current and

The Boy's Festival in Japan

even goes up waterfalls. So it stands for overcoming difficulties in life to reach the quiet waters of success and prosperity.

At the noon meal there may be a dish of freshly caught fish served with a special kind of rice dumpling wrapped in iris leaves, for the iris grows deeply rooted in the soil and so it sets an example of perseverance. Rice wrapped in the leaves of the oak, a symbol of strength, is placed on the shelf dedicated to the ancestors of the family.

In the afternoon, the boy of the house may have a party for his friends. Usually he invites the girls of his own age who invited him to their own Doll's Festival on March 3rd, in peach blossom time. There are games and delicious things to eat.

So ends the happy day, the day on which for more than twenty-six centuries the boys of Japan have been specially impressed with the virtues of courage, perseverance and manliness.



One of the 47 Ronin. This picture came in a portfolio from the Minowa School, Gunma Prefecture, Japan. The picture of the carp, above, came from the Heijo School, Ehime Prefecture

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*How good to lie a little while
And look up through the tree!
The sky is like a kind big smile
Bent sweetly over me.*

—Abbie Farwell Brown

THE PARK

The Calendar Story for May

THREE were nine children in the Willett family, eight of them younger than Doris. By the time she had given the elder squad their breakfast and had packed them off to school the younger set was waiting to be washed and combed.

Doris herself could not go to school because her mother needed her help in the never ending house-work. But she knew more about baking and preserving, plain sewing and mending than many a graduate of a Domestic Science course.

The Willets' big, unpainted house stood at the crossroads near the red covered bridge. Around them rose the gracious hills of Pennsylvania, some velvety with ploughed fields, others wooded to the crown. Along the stream which flowed under the covered bridge grew oaks and sugar maples. There were thickets of dogwood, of azalea and laurel and fields of trilliums and buttercups. But all the flowers of the countryside did not satisfy Doris. She wanted her own garden or a stately bit of park. She did not care to transplant columbine and violets. They belonged in the woods and meadows and were most lovely in their own setting.

Across the creek from the house a smooth bit of meadow stretched along the stream and on it grew a few large oak trees. There was something serene and noble about the spot, and Doris chose it as her "park."

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In the long summer evenings after the supper dishes were washed and the day's work done, she spent her time cleaning it of stones, digging up the dandelion roots and gathering the dead twigs which fell from the oak trees. She heaped the kitchen wood-pile with the branches broken off by autumn storms and after the last clean-up of the year planted her "park" with narcissus and daffodil bulbs, and hopefully waited for Spring.

IN MY AEROPLANE

Marjorie Seymour Watts

I'll find out how the birds feel
When they spread wings and fly,
And whether silver cities
Are hid there in the sky,
And what a cloud is made of,
And what it feels like, too,
And if the moon is made of cheese
I'll bring some back to you.

But most I hope some sunny day,
As plain as plain can be,
I'll see God in His doorway,
And He'll smile and say to me,
"Good morning! Won't you come right in
And make a little call?
And when you go back down again
Please give my love to all."

FRIENDS IN STRANGE GARMENTS

A Review of Miss Upjohn's Book

THIS is a charming book. It is made up of sixteen stories of children in different lands. Of them all I cannot choose which I like best. But I think I like best "The Fairy Ring," a story of Stefano and Ileana who found a fairy ring of mushrooms and wished in it. I also enjoyed "Elena's Ciambella." A ciambella is an Italian Easter cake made of flour and sugar and olive oil, and it tastes like a crisp cooky. A boy has a cake in the form of a galloping horse and a girl has one in the form of a dove. In both is baked an Easter egg and the cake is stuck full of feathers that wave and look festive.

I liked the story of Zorka, the Montenegrin girl and her two pigs, Mirko and Marko; of Todor and his many adventures; of Kosovo Day in North Serbia where they celebrate a defeat; and of Rahmeh, the little Palestine girl with Nib, her pet camel and brave little Jeida, her donkey. In fact I liked every story in the book.

These stories are told with such description that you can see the children the stories tell about, the surroundings about them and all the things that the children see as clearly as if you were with them. Miss Upjohn, herself, has illustrated the book and there is a full-page picture for every story.

If you are at all interested in children from foreign parts you will be unable to resist this fascinating book.

—BARBARA DORRIT LEONARD,
12 years old.

SOME of the National Children's Fund has been used to start summer camps in other countries for children like Tince in this story. This will remind you not to forget to set aside part of your Service Fund for the National Children's Fund. Also the story shows you how Juniors of other countries work, as you do, for their comrades. The camp shown in this picture is in Jugoslavia. It is organized on Boy Scout lines



Tince Goes to Camp by the Sea *

IT was recess-time, and the pupils of the primary school in K—— were reading their Junior Red Cross magazine. They were especially interested in an article about summer colonies which had provoked a lively discussion. Joza, who was president of the Junior Red Cross, talked the most. He argued for the need of summer colonies, but the bell announcing the end of the recess interrupted him, and he had time only to say, "Three o'clock this afternoon, a meeting of the Junior Red Cross class committee at my house."

That afternoon every member of the committee went to Joza's. It was warm, so they sat out in the garden.

Joza opened the meeting with a continuation of the discussion of summer colonies. "We cannot organize a summer colony for all the pupils of our school, but we can collect enough money to send some of them to the colony already organized by our district."

"Whom shall we send?" interrupted Natza, who thought that Joza himself wished to be sent.

"What?" replied Joza, surprised, "don't you know anybody in school who needs to go to the seashore?"

"Oh, yes," answered Natza, "there is Tince."

Tince was the son of a poor tailor. He was not strong, and he had a bad cough all the time. He could not play with the other boys, but they all liked him for his sweet disposition. Joza knew of the conditions in his home, and how the family had scarcely enough money to get along. If they could manage it, Tince was plainly the person to send.

"Where shall we find the money?" asked somebody.

Joza asked the treasurer for his report. Tone Kramarjev opened his account book proudly and said, "We have 213.75 dinars."

* Reprinted from the Junior Red Cross Magazine of Jugoslavia.

"It isn't very much," said Joza. "We need 800. Where shall we get them?"

"I shall sell my two rabbits," said Tone. "I want to help Tince and they will bring at least 40 dinars."

Natza did not wish to be outdone, and he gave 22 dinars, which he had been saving for a long time. Others gave different sums until Tone had counted a total of 361 dinars, but it wasn't nearly enough.

Joza proposed that they go to the priest, the principal of the school and other important persons, explain their project and ask for help. This was agreed upon, and three of the boys were appointed for this work. They were very successful and handed in 115.25 dinars to Tone. Now his total was 447 dinars.

But they still needed more than 300 dinars. How could they get it! At last Joza thought of his stamp collection. It was a very good one, and once, he remembered, a collector had offered him 400 dinars for it. He was proud of it, it was not easy to part with it, but he did, and now they had 877 dinars. Joza handed this sum to the principal, and requested that Tince be enrolled for the summer colony.

One day Joza's father received a very interesting stamp, and gave it to his son. Then it was that he found out, as Joza had feared he might, what had happened to all the others. Joza told the whole story, although he thought his father might perhaps be angry. But instead he said, "I am glad that your heart is so kind. I hope it will always be so. And with this valuable stamp you can start a new collection."

Now everything was all right. Tince went to the summer camp by the sea. He sent Joza a post card on which he wrote:

Dear JOZA:

It is lovely here. I am very thankful to all of you who helped to send me. I will never forget your kindness. Your happy Tince sends you love.



Part of a frieze made by French children in a summer recreation school and sent as a gift to American Juniors

Songs by Juniors

Spring Is Here

Spring is here,
Spring is here,
Sang the little Robin Dear.
See the little leaf Buds grow,
Oh! Spring is here,
Spring is here,
Does everybody know?

Soon the little flowers will sprout,
And leave their fragrance all about.
Spring is here,
Spring is here,
Sang the little Robin Dear.

—PEARL STILES, Age 11 years,
6A Grade, William H. Seward School, No. 19,
Rochester, New York.

The Fairy Queen

It was in a garden 'mid the roses red
That I saw a fairy resting on her bed.
It was made of violets that were sweet perfumed,
And the brilliant flowers gayly round her bloomed.
She was queen of fairies, queen of fairies all,
And a snow-white lily was her crystal hall.
She was dressed in moonbeams, with dewdrops in her
hair;
All the fairies loved her, the fairy queen so fair.

Her chariot was made of roses drawn by birds of gold,
And the glittering dewdrops hid within the petals' folds.
They drew her thru the garden 'mid the roses red,
She lit on swaying moonbeams and to the bees she
said:
"Go search for freshest honey from the flowers so
sweet,
Go bring the purest dewdrops that I may drink and
eat."

They sought and brought her honey from the sweetest flowers,
And dewdrops in a violet from the evening hours.
The moon rose high above me 'till it was bright as day,
And on the brilliant moonbeams danced each little fay.
The night went smooth and gaily 'till on a stray moonbeam,
A fairy prince came riding and lit upon the green.
"Who are you and why come hither?" the fair queen's servants said,
"I come," the prince said slowly, "the fairy queen to wed."
And so the queen consented that she his bride would be,
And now among the roses the queen no more I see.

—ELMERA JEAN COX, Age 12 years,
Grade 7, New Harmony Public School,
New Harmony, Indiana.

The Robin

There is a little robin
That sits out in our tree
He sings and sings the whole day long
Tweet, tweet, twee.
He took a pencil from his coat
And wrote some poetry:
"Oh! I'm a little robin
A-sitting in the tree
Black is my coat
And red is my breast
And here in the spring I shall build my nest."

—BETTY ROBERTS, Age 10 years,
6B Grade, William H. Seward School, No. 19,
Rochester, New York.

"And on Earth Peace, Good Will to Men"

ALL of you have read of the Christ of the Andes, the great bronze statue raised high on the lofty boundary between Chile and Argentina as a sign of everlasting peace between these two nations. You remember that it was set up there in thankfulness and as a solemn pledge after a terrible boundary quarrel that had almost brought war had been peacefully settled.

There is another kind of a peace monument in the mountains of another part of the world. This is far up in the High Tatra, whose lovely snowclad peaks sparkle in the blue sky of northern Czechoslovakia. This monument, too, grew out of a dispute. Poland and Czechoslovakia couldn't seem to agree at all about where their boundary in that region should go. People argued and argued with each other and the quarrel went on for years. The League of Nations tried its best, but neither side was satisfied and still nobody knew exactly where Poland began and Czechoslovakia ended.

Then, somebody suggested that the whole disputed area should be turned into a park that would be open to the people of both countries. What a fine idea, said everybody, and the problem was solved! Now many hundreds of acres are given up to this international park where even the wild creatures, such as European bison, mouflons, lynxes, bears and eagles, are left in peace in the beautiful forest, and the wild flowers and butterflies are the delight of the naturalist and of the hundreds of people who visit the park every year.

Canada and the United States are proud of the fact that for more than a hundred years the borderline between them has gone unarmed. A thousand miles up the great St. Lawrence, a thousand miles along the Great Lakes, a thousand miles through the prairies, a thousand miles over mighty mountain ranges—four thousand miles that borderline runs, with never a battleship, never a gun, never a sentry on guard. Someone has called that "North America's world idea." How much that means to the peaceful flow of trade across the boundary by water, by rail, by road and across bridges over the line! The latest of the bridges is the Peace Bridge opened on August 7. One end rests on the site of Fort Erie, in Ontario, the scene of bitter fighting between British and

American forces during the War of 1812. The other end is in Buffalo, a military post in those days. That thought was enough to stir a big thrill in the onlookers when Vice-President Dawes and Secretary of State Kellogg advanced to the middle of the bridge, took their stand where the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes waved from the same standard and shook hands across the ribbon barrier with the Prince of Wales, Prince George and Mr. Baldwin, Prime Minister of Great Britain. Then the ribbon was cut and traffic flowed back and forth between the two neighbors over water that had once echoed to the roar of their guns.

Not only grown-ups but children everywhere are interested in the idea of good will between nations. Of course, members of the Junior Red Cross in forty countries are interested. Children around

the earth take part in celebrations of World Good Will Day, May 18th, which is observed in memory of the First Conference at The Hague, May 18, 1899—the first gathering of the nations in time of peace to discuss ways of settling international difficulties by peaceful methods. For that day this year, for the seventh year in succession, the children of Wales will put on the air through the Welsh League of Nations Union a wireless message to the world. Last year it went out in Welsh, French, Eng-

lish, German and Esperanto. It was reradiocast and replies were received in Wales from all the British dominions, France, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, Sweden, the Irish Free State, Belgium, Greece, Estonia, Portugal, Czechoslovakia, Finland, Norway, the United States. The message said:

"We boys and girls of the Principality of Wales and of Monmouthshire, greet with a cheer the boys and girls of every other country under the sun. Will you, millions of you, join in our prayer that God will bless the efforts of the good men and women of every race and people who are doing their best to settle the old quarrels without fighting? Then there will be no need for any of us, as we grow older, to show our pride for the country in which we were born by going out to hate and to kill one another."

"Long live the League of Nations—the friend of every mother, the protector of every home and the guardian angel of the youth of the world."

On another page there is a short account of the



Another peace monument is "far up in the High Tatra, whose lovely snowclad peaks sparkle in the blue sky of northern Czechoslovakia"

Boy's Festival in Japan. You may be thinking that a great deal of attention is paid to warriors in that. But just read this message sent from the Children's Section of the League of Nations Association of Japan on last May 5th:

"We, boys of Japan, are glad to tell the boys and girls and grown-up people of other lands that our forefathers were really wise and full of foresight, when they set up and left to us the custom of the May Festival that takes place on May 5th. The day and the observances will always freshen and make grow

our yearning for all that is needed for the welfare of man—Peace, Justice, Equity, Self-Sacrifice, Faith in the Future. Although miniature figures of armor-clad warriors are used to celebrate the occasion, they are not the kind that will wield their swords against their fellow-creatures. They stand for the Knights that fall on any form of Wrong; they will not cease till they have reared warless regions. Thus the spirit of the May Festival is but another expression of our world-idea movement; it will quicken us, when we get bigger, as it does now.

"We want you, boys elsewhere, to help us and be helped by us for the cause of this mighty movement. We always stand ready to put our shoulder to the wheel of human progress."

Selma Lagerloef of Sweden

MOST of you have enjoyed "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils" and were delighted when that was followed by "Further Adventures of Nils." Sixty years ago the writer of those books and others that have been read all around the world was a pale, delicate little girl living in the fertile province of Värmland,* Sweden. Even though she could not play rough games with her brothers, Selma Lagerloef was as happy as possible, for her home was a delightful place, with books and friends and a devoted family. She read by the hour in the well stocked library. She listened, too, to the old women who came to see her mother and told the marvelous tales of the countryside, tales that had been repeated for generations around the firesides in the long winter evenings of that northern land. Then there were old soldier friends of her father, who sometimes stayed for weeks at Marbacka and had a store of tales about the days of their long past youth.

As she grew up Selma began to write poetry and long, romantic stories like those she had read in her books. But these were not good and she despaired of ever getting a living by writing, so at twenty-two she went to Stockholm to study to be a teacher. Then one day as she was returning from a class it came to her suddenly that the stories she ought to

write were those she knew about from her own home in Värmland. As this great idea struck her, it seemed to her that the street and all the houses began to go up and down, up and down. After everything was quiet again, she wondered why the other people on the street had not noticed what had happened!

When she went back home, she and her father had long talks together. In one of them he told her of a man he had known who was handsome and brilliant and charming. But, with all his gifts, he was a waster and never amounted to anything. Selma Lagerloef made up her mind that she would write a story about him and call him Gösta Berling. At first she wrote in verse, but she was not satisfied with that, so she started all over again.

She had to keep on teaching and had little time for writing. Besides, she wrote and rewrote and was still not satisfied. After several years she had written only the first chapter of her story. She was thirty years old when she entered the first five chapters, which make a complete story in themselves, in a contest for a prize offered by a magazine. She had to sit up all night finishing the fifth chapter in time to get into the competition, but she won the prize. Then a friend saw that she had enough money to take a year off from teaching

so that she could finish the book. In it she put many of the stories heard in her childhood. When it came out at last, the story of Gösta Berling was considered a masterpiece and was translated into many languages. Fame and fortune came to Selma Lagerloef, the poor little teacher. When she could afford it, she went to Värmland and bought back her dear old home of Marbacka, which had gone out of the family. There she lives now, a woman of seventy, honored, happy and successful after the years of struggle.



Miss Lagerloef lives at her old home, Marbacka, in Värmland, Sweden

*In the December News in which appeared Selma Lagerloef's "The Flight from Egypt," we said that she came from Dalecarlia, another province of Sweden. The Swedish Junior Red Cross called attention to our mistake and was good enough to send us the photograph on this page. Miss Lagerloef has a winter home in Dalecarlia, but she was born in Värmland.

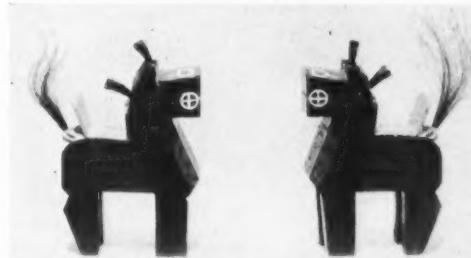
Junior Doings Here and There

DEAR JAPANESE CHILDREN:

I go to school every morning at McKinley School, Berkeley, California. It is very nice school and I am very happy here. In this school there are two Japanese children in Fourth Grade who can not speak English. Every morning I come to school early so that I can teach the reading to them. They are very nice girls.

You know that America is a very nice, clean country.

Your friend,
MIYO KAMIYA



"We send these toy horses to celebrate your good health" (see page 178)

THIS letter was one in a portfolio which the Berkeley, California, Junior Red Cross sent to Japan. The Japanese Junior Red Cross asked the Junior Red Cross of the United States to send twenty portfolios to be exhibited at the big Industrial Exposition and National Educational Conference held in Sendai, Japan, in April. The fifty-six schools in Mayagi, Sendai's prefecture, not only prepared a great deal of drawing and handwork for the exposition, but made up twenty portfolios of their own. These were shown side by side with the American portfolios and were then sent to the schools in the United States that had contributed their work. Ten of the American portfolios went from California, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and Arizona. They were sent from schools in a tiny mountain village, a small agricultural town, a small college town in a lumbering region, a little industrial town, an almost deserted mining village, a university city, a southern resort and the largest city in the Northwest; so that together they gave a fine picture of all kinds of conditions in that part of the country. This shows, too, that it is not just the big city or town schools that can make a good, interesting portfolio that the Junior Red Cross is proud to send out. Interesting and really beautiful material was submitted by all the schools sending in portfolios for this exhibit.

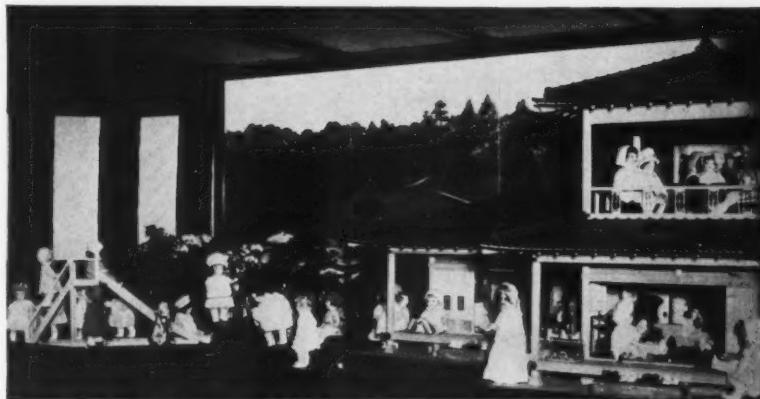
And by the way, the Director of the Japanese Junior Red Cross writes that Japan is particularly glad to have correspondence from our schools because English is taught in all the Japanese schools and the portfolios from America are a help in the language study.

LAST year, through the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, nearly 13,000 dolls were sent by children in America to children in Japan. Among these were the special dolls called "Miss America" and her forty-eight sisters, one for each state in the Union. The special dolls have their own palace, presented by the Empress of Japan, which

is exhibited in the Imperial Educational Museum at Tokyo. The other messengers of friendship were sent out to primary schools and kindergartens all through the Japanese Empire. Then some 2,600,000 Japanese school children got busy, saved their pennies and sent back to America sixty beautiful dolls of Japan, each one with her silk kimonos, black lacquer chest of drawers, trunk, study desk and special stationery.

Now the Federal Council of Churches is preparing to send Friendship School Bags from American school children to school children in Mexico. There are about 15,000 schools in Mexico, with 1,250,000 pupils. The bags will contain articles of interest and help for children in school and will be distributed on September 16, Mexico's Independence Day.

LONG, long ago the bards and musicians and writers of Wales started to meet once a year and compete for the prizes given for the best work by Welsh princes and other important men. At length such a meeting came to be called an Eisteddfod (pronounced e-sted'-fod), the Welsh word for



The Empress of Japan gave a special Dolls' Palace as a home for "Miss America" and the 48 State dolls



The Hueneme School pupils and the dolls who took part in the Eisteddfod play

"sitting" or "congress." These meetings have been kept up through sixteen centuries and are still held in Wales. Moreover, groups of people of Welsh descent in the United States, have organized them in this country. About five years ago some people of Oxnard, Ventura County, California, started an Eisteddfod of their own and the idea developed until now every year poets and writers and musicians and orators gather in different places in Southern California and hold competitions to see which ones shall compete with the winners of these local Eisteddfods at Los Angeles. School children are asked to compete, too. Last spring pupils of the Hueneme School in Ventura County decided to make up and present a play, which they called "The Dolls of the Nations." The play was practised in school before the other children and then it was given at the Eisteddfod at Oxnard, where it got first place in competition with three others. It might have been entered in the big meeting at Los Angeles, but this did not seem best to the young actors and their parents.

GRADE 7A of the Cleveland School in Cranford, New Jersey, found a new way to "read" the NEWS and Margaret Haynes wrote about it to their Junior Chairman as follows:

To WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

"As president of Grade 7A Literary Club of Cleveland School, I decided that a program concerning the Red Cross News would be fitting and helpful. The issue which I used was that of January.

"To members of the class I assigned the most interesting articles. One told the story of Mr. Dunn and his work. Another reproduced exceptionally well the story of 'Pooto the Pup'. A discussion on 'Owls as a Help to the Farmer' based on the article entitled 'Owls on a Relief Mission' was handled cleverly by Grosvenor Wadman. Another pupil explained 'What the Calendar Pictures Say.' The story 'Chunky's Essence' was read most dramatically and without an error. All enjoyed the story of 'Billy Whiskers.'"

THE secretary of the Junior group at Midway, California, sent this letter to the Pacific Branch office of the Red Cross:

DEAR MISS HANCE:

"We are sending you the portfolio and we want you to send it to Spain.

"We celebrated the Junior Red Cross birthday. We had a big cake. Miss Prichard and Kathleen Flynn made it. We had a big red cross on the middle of the cake. We made wishes and everyone said their wish and blew a candle. There were ten persons and ten candles. We had a meeting, too, and asked our parents to come. We had a program and told them the work the Junior Red Cross is doing. We also dramatized 'Everybody's Flag' which was in the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS."

"Sincerely yours,

ROSE MARIE COSTA,
Secretary, Midway Junior Red Cross."

THE funny little wooden horses on page 177 came from the Mikizawa School, Fukushima Prefecture, Japan, with this letter "To Our American Friends Across the Ocean":

"We understand that you, the members of the American Junior Red Cross, pay special attention to the development of your sound bodies, and that you strive for the betterment of human relations. To your manly attitude toward life, we pay our profound respect.

"We, therefore, should like to shake hands with you, and fully cooperate with you in your attempt to bring about world peace. We are determined to carry out our program of the Junior Red Cross on the other side of the ocean.

"Our native place is noted for its product of fine horses. Naturally, the toy horse is a famous product in the district. According to a tradition in this locality, they say that the baby in the family which possesses a toy horse will always be sound and healthy. Aside from the trustworthiness of the tradition, we are sending two sets of the toy horses in order to celebrate your good health.

"Our best wishes go with you always."

The horses went to the Juniors of the fifth grade of the Leetonia School, Hibbing, Minnesota, who wrote back:

DEAR JUNIORS:

"We were very much pleased to get your 'Health Horses.' The whole school enjoyed them very much. We are going to show them to all the other Juniors in the other schools, for we are very proud of them."

WHEN the January class graduated from P. S. #188 in New York City one of the dramatizations they gave was called "The Tenth Birthday Party of the Junior Red Cross," with the following episodes:

1. The children of the World gather at the home of the American Child welcomed by "The Greeting Song."



These three District of Columbia Juniors earned \$4.50 for the National Children's Fund by giving a play and having a bazaar

2. They surprise the Junior Red Cross
3. The candles of the Birthday Cake are lighted in a Candle-lighting Dance
4. The children give the toasts of each country.
5. The Junior Red Cross responds.
6. The Big Parade to Peace.
7. All the nations join.
8. Song "The Brotherhood of Man."

Along with the other prizes and honors mentioned on the program were Red Cross Certificates for Service given to Rose Model, Helen Meisner and Lillie Regal. The program booklet was printed by the boys of the School for the Deaf of New York City, a fine piece of work, with a hand-tinted cover showing a ship launching out under full sail.

The birthday dramatization was given again as part of the program for the conference of Red Cross workers which met in New York in March. They were delighted with this and with the following presentation which was made by Juniors in Public School Number 15, New York City, which does splendid Junior Red Cross work:

1. Glee Club Selections.
 2. Our Guests Are Welcomed.
 3. A Junior announces the school activities:
Sewing Class makes Junior Red Cross garments.
Our Babies tell what they understand by the Junior Red Cross.
 - A Junior Red Cross Club holds its weekly meeting.
The Three "R's" are not forgotten:
- Fifth Year Boys tell in their own words about the Red Cross.

Second Year Girls like to tell stories.

A Modern Alice—A Play—arranged and staged by the girls of 8B4.

Pennmanship is pleasanter when the Junior Red Cross inspires us.

Arithmetic loses its terrors when interesting facts are used. Geography means more to our 6B children when they study about the Juniors of European Countries.

4. All this work tends to make us live our motto, "I serve."

Junior Red Cross Tableaux.
The Living Red Cross.

5. Song—America.

ONE of the most important educational meetings in this country is that of the heads of schools and school systems, called the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association. This year it met in Boston. Many visitors from the conference came to see the work of Boston schools and



The school troop of Boy Scouts at the Albanian Vocational School

a great many saw what fine things are being done by Boston Juniors all the time. In one school they saw a brief sketch showing how the Junior Red Cross is part of the work of the classroom. The pupils of the different grades came on the stage with samples of their school work for service and explained how they were made and used. Afterwards the articles they had shown were turned over to the Junior Red Cross booth in Mechanics Hall and hundreds more saw them and asked about them.

The Osgood School of Medford, a suburb of Boston, gave a typical meeting of their Junior Red Cross Council. First two boys marched on the stage, one carrying an American flag, the other a Junior banner. The girl members wore Junior Red Cross caps and the boys had arm bands with the Red Cross insignia and "I Serve" on them. After the flag salute, the members recited the Junior pledge. Then followed the report of a visit to Boston to study gymnasium equipment, as the Osgood School Juniors are planning to provide equipment for a new recreation room in the school.

Another feature of the meeting was a film sent from Hibbing, Minnesota. It showed the cutting packing, shipping and presentation of Christmas trees from the Hibbing Juniors to different hospitals.

THE Juniors of Public School Number 4, Brooklyn, New York, keep a special fund for service to patients in the Naval Hospital there. Money from the fund was used recently to bring the wife of a man about to be sent home, to New York to talk with the doctors and dietitian about the best care and food for her husband.

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THESE Japanese Juniors (left) earned 50 yen by chopping wood. With part of this they bought 20 dolls to send as messengers of friendship to the Whittelsey School in Wallingford, Connecticut.



JUNIORS of the Amity Street School, in Amherst, Mass., made cookies with the currants from Greece and gave them to the civics section of the Woman's Club, at the same time telling of their many Junior Red Cross activities. One of the Juniors was dressed as a real little Greek girl (below)

A "Good Will League" of dolls has been organized by the Lincoln School of New Brunswick, N. J. To get "members" for their league the sewing class (left) dressed thirteen dolls in American costumes and exchanged them with other countries. The league's "headquarters" is in a cupboard which the children call the "Good Will Cabinet"



ALL the schools in Middletown, R. I., are Junior Red Cross members. The boys' team of the four upper grades in the Berkeley School (above) sold \$84.90 worth of anti-tuberculosis Christmas seals this year

THE eighth grade (lower left) of the grammar school of Duxbury, Mass., in the costumes for the play they gave last June for the benefit of the Mississippi Flood Fund



SHISUKO ASO (below), who is a member of the American Junior Red Cross in San Francisco, is looking at a portfolio from the Berkeley Schools on its way to Sendai, Japan (see page 177).



EVERY school in Hoboken, N. J., was represented on the Red Cross float (lower right) which took part in the Industrial Exposition Parade put on by the Hoboken Chamber of Commerce. The float represented all nations under one—the Red Cross—flag. In almost every case native costumes of the different countries were supplied by the parents of the children. After the parade the evening Industrial School served cocoa and cakes to the children who took part

